

AL-ILM العلم
Nurturing Future of Pakistan
In an Excellent Environment

MAGAZINE

LAHORE GARRISON UNIVERSITY

2026

Patron in
Chief's Message

I deem it a matter of immense pleasure and honour to address you all through the Annual Magazine, AL-ILM of Lahore Garrison University. It is indeed very heartening to witness that the university has carved a name for itself in the academic scenario of the country in such a short span. LGU believes in holistic education, encompassing academics, co-curricular activities, sports education and life-skills learning. The endeavor is to develop moral, ethical, human and spiritual values so that each individual may develop character and confidence with a deep-rooted passion in pursuit of excellence.

At LGU, the aim is to create empowered minds, enable the students to decide what is good for them, differentiate between right and wrong, choose opportunities that help to build them up and live in harmony with all existence. The investment made in students today will help them to reach greater heights and create a brighter future. This institution nurtures a breed of young minds that will be bustling with self-confidence, motivation and ever ready to take up challenges.



AL-ILM provides the faculty and students with additional opportunities for artistic and thoughtful public sharing discourse and self-expression. AL-ILM is an excellent source for fostering logical thinking andthen turning it into impactful writing. Moreover, the impressive image of the educational institution is reflected through the articles published by the students and teachers. Such ingenious activities are a great way to encourage originality in students, which makes them effectively utilize language to convey out-of-the-box ideas. We have and will continually strive for brighter and more secure prospects for our students.

Dear students, you are the nation-builders, the movers of technology, the agents of change. The knowledge you will gain, the fine qualities you will imbibe, and the technical skills you will acquire will be your major contribution to your parents, society and the nation. It is my fervent hope that the years you spend at LGU will enable you to equip yourself with the leadership and managerial skills necessary for success. May Allah bless you all in the journey to achieve excellence! Thank you!

Maj Gen. Muhammad Khalil Dar, HI (M) (Retired)
Vice-Chancellor, Lahore Garrison University

Chief Editor's Message

I congratulate the faculty and students of the Editorial Board, Lahore Garrison University, on the 7th publication of Al-ILM magazine. This is another milestone that marks the extracurricular achievement of this University.

LGU aims to take a leading role in the region by providing our students to be critical readers and thinkers through developing their analytical abilities and appreciation of the literary and linguistic productions of multicultural communities.

LGU aspires to create a vibrant academic community that is fully equipped to expand its students' linguistic and literary horizons. This is achieved through the widespread initiative of AL-ILM as it provides another channel for both the faculty and students to explore and develop their creative potential. Since AL-ILM is a bilingual magazine, I appreciate the commendable work of both the editors of English and Urdu sections.

LGU is becoming a hub of knowledge, science, research, and creative activities. I encourage both the faculty and students to avail the opportunity to highlight their progress and achievements and share their thoughts in this magazine. The establishment of Linguamath lab also marked a milestone in integration of learning, creativity and technology. The inclusion of Artificial Intelligence and collaborative methodology in teaching and learning are the latest developments at LGU.



The teaching-learning process is effectively ICT enabled and focuses on Learning Management System, Knowledge Management System, Collaborative Learning and e-Resources through Moodle. Our e-library contains thousands of books and enable the students to utilize the best resources. With more than 6,000 students and a dynamic and didactic orientation, the future of LGU looks more promising.

The editorial team of faculty and students has been working together to share information and knowledge with diverse readers, including the faculty, students, parents, alumni and fellow universities. I have observed that students' involvement in this creative activity has led to a better interest in academic activities.

It is my strong aspiration that AL-ILM becomes a foundation for the growth of new ideas toward a better tomorrow. The magazine is created to provide a s pace for the generation of knowledge, dialogue, critique, debate and collaboration among the international community of academicians, researchers, and practitioners.

"May Allah (SWT) guide and lead us toward our vision of making this University a splendid place of learning and enlightenment."

Prof. Dr. Arif Jawaid
Dean, Faculty of Languages
Lahore Garrison University

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My Son the Fanatic

Almas Shireen
BS English

The son is not a fanatic,
Though the father thinks of him as problematic
England is the father's dreamland
The son thinks it's a wasteland.
Sitting with a friend is what he could not share
The father took so much care
Talks to Bettina upset and distressed
He was surely too suppressed
Bewildered by the thought of how it happened?
My son became a fanatic, I never imagined.
Father suggests his son to enjoy
The son simply asks, 'Why?'
So much suffering for all of us
You think I'm making a fuss?
The grieved father drinks more
Son gets furious; therefore,
Immigration to the West,
Didn't prove to be the best,
Loss of identity, loss of faith
For what else would your son wait?
Choosing his way at last.
Left study and went to the mosque
Father thinks of him as astray
For the son, it was the right way
Beating, kicking him out of home,
Fanatic becomes the father alone.

Phases of Life

Aleena Hussain
BS English

Five, a tantrum about your broken toy
You hear a voice saying,
“It's alright, you'll get another one.”
But the new one is not the same as the old one.

Fifteen, got teenage issues.
You hear a voice saying,
“It's normal, happens to everyone.”
But the teenage leaves an impact on you.

Twenty-five, you're toiling for a job.
You hear a voice saying,
“You will get it ultimately, don't worry.”
But you get the work after starving.

Thirty-five, mid-life crisis hits,
You hear a voice saying,
“It's alright, you can deal with it!”
But you deal with it and depression hits.

Fifty, grey hair and signs of illness,
You hear a voice saying,
“You are a grown-up; you’ll get through this.”
And you do get through it with medical bills.

Seventy-five, the threat of imminent death,
You hear a voice saying,
“You will meet the God you have lived a long life.”
But you face the God with the anguish of your sins.

Pakistan: A Promising Future

Nimra Habib
BS Psychology II

It's been 78 years since we were free
Seven decades since the world saw us flee,
It's the land, which is pure and free at last,
It's time for us to be honest and steadfast.

Alas! We now live in a discriminatory nation.
It's full of mayhem, chaos, and frustration,
In a nation where nobody is at peace,
Running after what matters the least.

Recall! Our forefathers strived for,
A nation of hope and light, a promise for
Liberty, justice, freedom, and equality
Is this too much to ask for?

I promise to bring it together,
Give you all that you deserve and even better,
I promise you, my beloved Pakistan,
I promise you a bright future.

Seventy-five, the threat of imminent death,
You hear a voice saying,
“You will meet the God you have lived a long life.”
But you face the God with the anguish of your sins.

The Moon

Hamza Ali
BS Mass Com

I saw her,
face bright,
Shining through the sky
Lighting the path in the night
With a gaze so pure, yet piercing,
I gave in without a fight.
I surrendered to her silken arms.
And let her light wash across my face.
I pinned
at her, feeling ecstatic
That she had bestowed her face
I'm a son of Adam, so impure.

Grey Skies

Amna Malik 006
BS IR Semester 5

The November grey sky,
Encapsulates a darkness which makes my heart glow
It is rather paradoxical to say, I know.
Yet, these grey skies comfort me!
They soothe this anguish, numb this pain,
Oh! The stagnancy of the dismal overcast,
It reminds me I am not so alone.
For there too is despondency in my stillness.
These grey skies make me feel seen.
They truly are aware of how drenched I am in this pain.
It is like these clouds are pregnant with tears to mourn.
For me, with me, to me.

My lifeline

Amna Malik 006
BS IR Semester 5

Dear Mom, I am missing you.
With every breath, I am feeling you.
With rise of the sun and chirping of the birds.
I open my eyes and get alerts.
I search for you everywhere.
I look for you here and there.
You told me to struggle hard in life's race.
Many difficulties I have to face.

Never give up, and stay behind.
The real meaning of life I have to find.
To get a position, a status in society.
To help others is part of my duty.
To be honest and live for humanity,
This is the real and charming beauty.
I now remember all the lessons you taught.
This separation from you, the realization it brought.
I love you till my last breath.
But I'm already dying due with you in distance.

Hometown

Israr Mehmood
BS English 5th

The chirping of birds with the morning light,
Making the scenery full of delight,
The grassy meadows, snow-peaked mountains,
The water of the stream, the sounds it contain
Paradise on earth, mesmerizing sights,
Cold breeze, clear sky, bright stars in summer sky,
The colors of winter, the scenery it shows.
The whole valley is within a blanket of snow.
Blessed by nature, a paradise on land.
Unless you visit, you will never understand.
The lake, springs, and some natural fountains
Peace of mind is hidden in the mountains.

Reaching Goals

Iqra Sohail
BS English 3rd

Goals are dreams that you set for yourself,
Or may be an award that sits on the shelf,
To become famous with tons of fans,
Or even to be brave enough take a stand.

If you fail, don't give up, just try again.
You will realize your dreams at the end.
Believe in yourself, and you will succeed,
Because self-confidence is all that you need.

Don't listen to what other people say,
You won't get anywhere doing is that way.
Know that you can do it; don't have a doubt,
Smile at your fears that's what its about.

Sky is the limit; there are no rules
Brainpower and confidence, these are the tools.
So set some goals and start from today,
Go out in the world and be on your own way.

Crippled Spring

Maira Asghar
BS English 8th

Crawling, jumping, taking, and feeding,
Those were the days of snuggling and cuddling.
Bright were the days, nights sprinkling.
Abundant were springs, autumns drifting.
Flowers were blooming, all impurities shifting.
Humanity was all around.
Smiles pure and sound.
Now, are the days of shrewdness
Hatred on hearts creeping in,
Conscience under contamination, sleeping.
Glittering the face, inner sleekness.
Sweat in the mouth, path to soul seeking.
Honeybees on the whole are sitting.
Wasps underneath are stinging.
All it's about is piety, trifling.
All over the world, cruelty is drizzling.

A Wish To Fly

I see a star.
Falling from the sky,
Closing my eyes,
Wishing to fly,
Smiling with joy,
Glancing at the sky,
Hoping for a night,
Spent in the sky.

Colors Of Love

What are your colors?
What are your moods?
To see you, I turn.
To know you, I burn.

Me

I disperse clouds with my fingers.
I walk on water like the queen herself.
I turn fire to ice with my touch.
I bend glass like its rubber.
I defy this world every day.
Because I am me in every way.

No One Can Be You

Namra Khawaja
Bs English 3rd

No one can live your life for you.
The way you look at the world and narrate stories about it.
No one can hold the same magic inside.
Believing in yourself and the power of your dreams.
No one will discuss what triggered you?
But just the way you reacted,
No one will handle your chaos for you.
You decide to stay or turn around.
No one will come to rescue you.
You are strong enough and you have what it takes.
No one would know your entire story.
Living, changing, growing—are you?
Soul riding through your journey.
No one can ever be you.
You have the power to do and achieve whatever you want.

Sunset Between The Borders

Aleeza Zehra
BS English

Standing in silence,
Seeing the red shade,
The land of borders, under the sky,
And dusk is horrifying for many lives.
The sun dawns like happiness in the sky.
With my sorrows and my grief,
I fall for you.
The love and honour of mine,
Fall apart at the borders,
But it opens the window to a new life.
Every day begins with hope.
You rise and lift me up; I wish!
The light begins to appear again, I wish!
A nightmare turned into a day again, I wish!

I Am A Backbencher

Malaika Fatima
BS English

No matter what the teacher asks.
I am always on my tasks.
Sitting on my last bench, I always sleep.
And when the trials arrive, I always weep.
Many teachers have come and gone.
In class, I always yawn.
On my last bench come the sweetest dreams.
That one day, I will also sit in the front.
And become the nation's cream.

Loyalty

Sameen Khan
BS English

A friend in need is a friend indeed.
This will be told till my death, though.
Hard to understand what is needed now?
If means are rare, demands could barely be borne.
Does this lead to treachery, Pulse?
Oh dear, things will change with intensity near.
Resolution requires consistancy.
Allegiance leads to reliability.
Faith in these ensures no more disloyalty.

The Sun Shines after the Rain

Maheen Ahmed,
BS English, 5th

A journey from the past to the present,
The sacrifices made by men and women,
The children who starved and died.
The warriors who fought and won.

Gone were those miserable days

Humans forgetting their gentle traits,
Murdering and hurting those who stood,
Forgetting that man goes back to the dirt.

To those grave days that we faced,
The ones we loved with all our hearts,
Perished right before our eyes,
And all we could do was to witness.

But the sky becomes vibrant after a dark storm.
The sacrifices always paid off.
Muslims reached their rightful home.
Purity and freedom are what they now endorse.

Wilting flowers regrow when the stems are cut off.
The ugliness of that realm is gone.
The realization people now uphold
is perpetual till eternity.

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Struggle Pays Off

Syed Muhammad
BS English

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Body soaking in his own sweat, hands with torn-off skin, forty-five degrees during the day, and this man is still working. This is a generalized description of a man who works hard, no matter what the circumstances are. Hard work is the key to surviving in this world, and this hard work never goes unrewarded.

Ladies and gentlemen, this is the story of every person out there who works in the most intense situations to meet their family's basic needs. His assiduousness is so intense that these conditions cannot even stop him from struggling. This is the story of hundreds of millions of people who may be students or fathers who, with consistent hard work and struggle, attain the goals they once imagined. Steve Ballmer was a university dropout whose net worth is 30.6 billion US dollars, and he managed to become successful through hard work. Mahathir Muhammad, the Malaysian Prime Minister, was born in poor surroundings in the Malaysian state of Kedah, yet he still managed to achieve such an significant position.

Another real-world example that leads me to believe that struggle pays off is Nelson Mandela. He fought as a freedom fighter, achieved common goals, and became the president of South Africa. He said, "I will not leave South Africa, nor will I surrender. Only through hardship, sacrifice, and militant action can freedom be won. The struggle is my life. I will continue fighting for freedom till the end of my days." Proving that Nelson Mandela faced challenges in life, and no matter how difficult the challenges were, he fought strongly, makes me believe that hard work pays off. The list is very long.

As a personal example, I began debating at the school level. Initially, I had a lot of stage fright; my legs would tremble when I was on the rostrum. It's still crystal clear in my mind that the first time I went onto the stage, I greeted the audience, after which I lost my confidence and started uttering weird, nonsensical words, and everyone started laughing at me. That day I decided that I'd participate in debate competitions no matter what. After a lot of practice, I participated in an inter-school debating championship and secured second place. After this first achievement, I started winning a series of prizes, and today, here I am. Now I can converse easily with all sorts of audiences, and I'm proud of myself. Hard work has led me to achieve greater things than I had ever imagined, such as securing second position in the Chief Minister Punjab debating Debating Championship (district level) and many more. Real-world examples strengthen my belief in the power of hard work.

The leader of the civil rights movement and a wise man, Martin Luther King Jr., once said:

"If you can't fly, then run.
If you can't run, then walk.
If you can't walk, then crawl.
But whatever you do, just keep moving forward."

Movies as a Form of Entertainment

Raja Sarmad
BS English

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Many people watch movies and their the types and genres change over time. Movies are a common and form of entertainment for many people. They spend a few hours completely lost in the characters and the situations they are watching. At first, there were only action or comedy films. These two genres ruled at the box office, and people watched them in large numbers. But as time passed, people began to seek innovation in the movies they watched. They wanted movies that addressed an issue or had a message., Now movies cover every subject, whether it's social issues, real-life stories, biopics, politics, etc. Action or comedy movies don't work anymore. Audiences want content that surprises them stands out.

I like movies with an engaging plot. It can be from any genre. It just has to be relatable and engaging enough. The Hollywood industry pioneered cinema. They make movies on almost every subject. The Pakistani film industry is also in a revival phase after a period of decline. Movies are being made which are entertaining and also socially relevant. These movies have strong production values, so entire families enjoy them.

Movies are a form of entertainment. They keep changing with the audience demands, which keeps them relevant and important today.

How Do We Lose Ourselves?

Khadija Khalid
BS English

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MENTAL HEALTH:
Modern society is full of affluence and opulence, yet it lacks one basic necessity: peace of mind. It is hard to comprehend how far and how deep we have drowned into this world, making it really hard, even for the rich, to bridge the gap. These gaps result in haste, anxiety, disorder, chaos, and eventually depression, which instigates further misery. But how exactly are we affected so negatively by such a beautiful world around us?

EXISTENCE:
The constant struggle between “I don’t want people to know” and “"Why isn’t everyone noticing?""wears a person down completely. This is probably the worst mental condition. I know this condition seems crazy, but honestly, nobody welcomes such a sick syndrome. People going through this are living through the worst phase of life. This is where the world seems to stop, and actions cease, and the mind goes on; it becomes so difficult to cope when a person goes through this lunatic-sequel phase. I’ve been there, not sure if I’m out or not, but certainly brave enough to accept it openly, despite knowing the mockery awaits.

How Do We Lose Ourselves?

Khadija Khalid
BS English

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DREAMS OR DETERIORATION?

Dream big! A trait commonly found in 99% of the population. Yes, people dream big, so vast that the immense stretches of dreams start piercing the tiny thing engraved in a person's chest. That's right; we're so lost and busy wandering the dreamy constellation that we don't realize we're already on the road to becoming hollow, innocent beings, innocently harming others through our little acts.

We do snap out of the vast bubble sooner or later, but then it is already too late. There's nowhere to return to. There's nothing left behind. There's nothing left to cling to, nothing to caress, nothing to live for - a state of absolute nothingness created now by thesu of which is the sufferer now. The more you drift away from little things in life, the less you will have to hold onto.

PEOPLE:

People, the unintentional (being modest) impetus to hell, are stuck in the shackles of backbiting, lies, and judgments, and keep pricking each other one way or another. Your vulnerability depends on how vast your social circle is. That is people's true power. Here's the irony: first, they drive you to absolute madness. Then they force you to end the chaos. Then they mourn over the inevitable and irreversible loss. Imagine mourning over the consequences of the grim circumstances created by no one but you.

LIVE AND LET LIVE!

An agglomeration of pain, suffering, loss, and lamentation is a prerequisite to instigating a sense of acknowledgment in the otherwise malevolent society. We have already suffered way too much at the hands of “"sarcasm."” We are tearing apart hearts and souls. It’s time we break these toxic shackles, tear those scripts we follow unthinkingly following, and learn to love and live before there is nothing left to mend.

Mankind At Loss

Syed Muhammad Abbas Rizvi
BS English

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Surely, man is at a loss as he is losing his faith and humanity. The relationship between humans and humanity has existed since Adam’s creation and was first tainted when Qabeel murdered his brother out of jealousy. Often, this relationship between man and humanity seems connected to the Day of Judgment, but it also appears to be a permanent blot on God’s best creation. The realization of this relationship seems to have disappeared in the man of today This realization of that relationship seems to have disappeared in today's man. In the present times, humanity within humans seems to have descended into the pit of doom. The main reason for this is perhaps the pride, arrogance, and vanity gradually taking hold in man’s nature. This arrogance leads him to see himself as the pharaoh of his time. What he does not know is that this ego will eventually cause his drowning, as happened to the pharaoh of Egypt.

As stated in the Holy Quran:
“By Time. Indeed, mankind is in loss.” Al-Asar 1-2

“Black Lives Are Lives Too”

Sadia Jabeen
BS English

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Inspired by the short story of byFlannery 'O'Connor, Everything That Rises Must Converge

“Black lives are lives too.”
I am tired of seeing
my world bleeds.
Because of skin tones,
gruesome history and beliefs.
“Live and let live.”
is just another phrase
because even after so many years,
nothing has changed.
People are still dying.
because of their beliefs,
and their race.
Yet you tell me;
we have advanced so much.
and we are the very best.
Sadly, when today I look around,
I see nothing but hatred.
It feels as if we are still standing;.
in the same spot we were decades ago.
And we are still fighting the same wars
that we thought we won long ago.
We cannot be the same; no, we can never be.

Some are white, some black; look around, and you will seemore differences.
Though our love and feelings can be one..
I know all lives matter.
Which is why I stand with you.
Because Black lives are lives too.

A Bookshop Around The Corner

Sidra Aliya Sajid
BS English

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Hello, Mr. Ryan! I hope that this letter finds you in utter shock and terror, like a bolt out of the blue. I can already see your spooked eyes, and yes, that bend on your forehead when you get upset... How can I forget that? It hasn't been long, has it? Well, you would think that your life was going to be a paradise on earth, but sadly, it was temporary. IT IS OVER NOW! Wait for your hell from now on.

Your beautiful, lovely, dead wife,

Sarah

The letter fell from his trembling hands onto the ground. I saw her dead body; she was dead! How could this be even... Oh God! Was she the one I saw around the corner of the bookshop? So, I was not mistaken. It was HER!

He bolted out of his apartment, ran through the town streets in utter haste, and reached the bookshop's side street. It was where he had last seen her. He got himself together and stepped inside the book-shop. His eyes searched every woman with golden tresses in the shop

"Do I look creepy doing this? Are they going to think that I'm a woman hunter? Should I look only among the women with golden tresses? She could have changed her appearance!

But wait, I saw her a couple of days ago, and she looked exactly as she the day she left. But was it really her? I did not see her entire face. I could be mistaken, but then this letter? It could be a silly joke! But from whom? Sarah never spoke to me in this way when she was with me. She was such a sweetheart. She always expressed herself with beautiful, sparkling pearls in her eyes, in poetic, aesthetic words, as though she were a descendant of Emily Dickinson. Her words were always full of sorrow, unsaid sorrow, and that made me love her even more. She could not be her. How on earth...!! Wait, where am I? Oh... well..."

He did not realize that he had reached his apartment and was sitting on his bed, their bed. He lay down there, closed his eyes, and saw this. His fingers were fading like dust in the air. He was staring at his fingers when a familiar lock of golden hair, drenched with crimson blood, appeared on the mutilated palm of his hand out of the blue. He was jolted awake.

"When will I stop seeing these sick dreams? These are getting worse. I need to see a psychiatrist. I can't take it anymore. Wait, what would I tell him? Why is this happening? He will think I am a murderer. I am not a murderer. I do not know what happened to her that night! Was it I who mutilated the rose of my life? No, I loved her so much.

How could I? No, no… I cannot be… I can't be…!" He rushed toward the mirror and stared at his blurred reflection. "Am I really fading like dust?" He looked at himself through the curtain of tears, making his own existence vague and unclear. His hazy reflection shuddered as though he were standing on the other side of a smoky fire.

"Ryan! Please, try to remember what happened that night."

He could only visualize some broken images that made no sense.

They were coming back home from a trip. They slept. No, before that, when they were out, she was crying. She was saying something like…- like her being a flake of salt in the lake or something… She was quiet on the way back home. Yes, she was. They were so tired that night. They slept… and then… She was not there when he woke up.

"Ryan, Ryan!!! What happened during that time? Please try to remember." He was forcing himself to an extent. "Did she leave herself? Did someone take her? Did I kill her? Why would I? Well, yes, I wasn't happy she ruined that evening with her silence… but I could not be that cruel! She was the love of my life! And then yes, the police called me and showed me her mutilated, dead body with no fingers on her hand!! Oh! Sarah, my golden girl! My beautiful, lovely sweetheart! What is this letter? This must be a joke…yes, it is."

Ryan carried himself back to the bed and lay down, hoping to sleep. The next morning, he headed toward the bookshop. He was not there to find Sarah. He was able to convince himself enough that she was dead. He wanted to get a book. So, he went through the shelves to find books on love. He found one, named "The Golden Girl" by "Sarah Ryan". He smiled like a fresh morning as he flipped through its pages. It was a new beginning, after all.

Woodcutter And Spirituality

Faizan Aslam
BSSE

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Once there was a woodcutter named Ali and his wife, Amber. Ali was very honest. He earned his living by selling wood,. H but his wife was not happy with his earnings. He Theyhad two children, Akbar and Shahid. Ali . He was much worried deeply about theirfuture of his children. His wife used to taunted him for his fewer lowearnings, so he left abandoned his honesty and did every illegal thing things to make money. After a decade, he became rich, and. Amber was happy with their current newlifestyle, and their children went to a private school after Ali started earning more; however; their children went to a private school after Ali started earning more. However, Ali was not happy at all. One day, an old man came to him and asked him a question.

“"Oh! Son. Do you know what spirituality is”?

“"Yes, spirituality means the relationship between the man and Allah,” answered Ali.

The old man said, “What is the relationship between man and Allah?”" Ali was shocked because he did not know about the relationship between man and Allah.

After thinking for so longa long time, Ali answered, “We offer prayer, we fast, we give Zakat, and offer perform Haj Hajj to get close to Allah.

After this, we get to Janna as a reward, and if we keep on doing sinssinning, we go to hell." After listening to Ali, the old man smiled and said, "No!" Spirituality means the relationship between man and Allah, the only relation relationship of friendship.

When you offer prayer not for tofulfilling fulfillyour needs but just for makingto make Allah happy, this is called true friendship between humans and Allah. Like Just aswe are obedient to our beloved ones, b. Be obedient to Allah. Then Allah will become your friend. This is called spirituality. When you go on the path of spirituality, many people will be against you, but when you achieve spirituality, you will get self-satisfaction." After saying this, the old man disappeared. Then Ali decided to leave his wrong ways and become a true friend of no one but Allah.

SHORT STORY

Time Waits For No One

Anusheh Jawad
Class: BS English (V)
Section: A

There was no way it was true. I refused to believe it; I mean, how could it be? How could time slow down for me? I hadn't asked for it, not really. I mean, come on, millions of people wish time could slow down so they could meet their deadlines. I was just a normal college student who went on a hiking trip during my summer break. My father taught me about it when he had free time. It was a place I thought I knew like the back of my hand:. all the trees, the trails, the caves, everything.

One day, though, I thought about exploring even further. As I did, I fell through a hidden hole into a spring. It was a good thing that I had learned to swim from a young age. The water wasn't too deep; the tips of my toes could barely graze the bottom. Forgetting that, I fell into a beautiful, magnificent spring. The water was cold and sweet, unlike anything I had ever seen before.

I quickly took some enchanting pictures and made my way out. It was a good, relaxing outing, away from the stressful study life. After I got home, I forgot about the place.

It wasn't noticeable at first; of course, several people commented that I looked younger than my peers. But it was wasn't anything special; it didn't make me special. Even though I was one of the bigger kids in class when I was younger. It really started in my 20s, when the change became more noticeable. I seemed to age slowly. I made an appointment with the doctors, and they didn't find anything wrong. Other than that fact, I seemed to be in my teens instead of my 20s! It was shocking. However,I tried to ignore it. Even the doctors seemed baffled, not knowing what could have done this

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Now, here is where things get really spooky. It was when my class was picking topics for the assignments, which were for half credit. I got a dumb topic about whether the Holy Grail existed. Or whether other places serve the same purpose?

Of course, when my peers found out, they started to mock me for wanting to look younger than I already was. They would call me 'Baby Face' or 'Softy' because of my younger visage. I think they are just jealous. Though when I started researching my topic, I was spooked.

One of the places given was the spring I had fallen into, 'Rainbow Spring.' It sounds like the fairy tale my father had told me aboutthe hiking trails when I was young. Of course, I didn't believe him. And why would I?

Anyway, the story goes that, thousands of years ago, a group of small meteorites fell on that land. Its minerals, for some reason, when absorbed by the surrounding flora and fauna, started to make me younger. And people tried to see if it worked on them, but it didn't. The spring had started as a myth and later a hoax.

I was so freaked out by what I found out that I needed to tell someone. Being who I am, told the last person I should have- a doctor. I showed him everything: the pictures I had taken, the books, and the newspaper clips. And, surprise, surprise! He didn't believe me. Instead, he was acting to catch me off guard.

He told me that if I was still unsatisfied, he could give me a full check-up. And I unquestioningly agreed. Before the check-up, he gave me a shot. After a while, I started to feel drowsy and, as such, fell unconscious. When I came to consciousness, I was tied to a steel table with my mouth bound. The doctor stood near my head, holding a scalpel. When he saw me, I started to struggle. He laughed; and told me it was useless. He explained to me that he was one of the people who believed in the Rainbow Spring and its power. But he was never able to see it in person, until now. He thanked me for allowing him to prove its power and its effect on humans. As he talked, I started crying like a little school boy. As he brought the scalpel, I started shouting. Then everything went black.

"Gasp!" someone said as they moved in the dark room, with little light

coming from the lamp on the desk. It was a young boy who seemed frightened and spooked. He looked around his room for the crazy doctor. When he saw that he wasn't there, he let out a huge sigh. He looked at the desk he was sleeping on and saw the book he was reading. He flipped it over and read the title aloud: "Spooky Scares for Days. Snorting, the boy said, "Mom was right. I have to stop reading these stories before bedtime." After closing the book and turning off the light, he trudged to bed and snuggled in. As he was about to fall asleep, he looked toward the clock. It read 11:59. He thought, "Well, it seems like time waits for no one, whether in reality or fantasy."

Nature and Human Beings

Humaira Nazir
BS Eng 008.

Nature and human beings are interconnected. Nature gives joy and contentment. It is a ravishing creation of Allah, which always allures us with all creation of Allah, drawing us in with its beauty and fascination. Nature is deeply rooted in us, as we are an important part of it. Our soil comes from nature. Allah made us from the soil of this world so we can live in this it easily. But However,our relationship with nature has always been imbalanced, and our rapid success as a species has begun to affect this natural order.

Earth is the only planet known to have conditions suitable for life. No life has been found on any other planet. Nature has created this unique planet for the existence and survival of human beings. Allah has filled this Earth with countless blessings for us. The Sun is a great blessing of nature and the source of warmth for living beings.

It is fixed at suitable distance so that we can get the proper amount of heat. But our activities are disturbing its balance. Millions of large and small factories have been set up across the globe. Smoke coming out from these factories and many vehicles is badly affecting the air, which is a basic need. This pollution also affects the ozone layer and contributes to global warming. This is an alarming, as the temperatures have risen over the years. The stars, moon, seas, rivers, flowers, plants, animals, and birds are all parts of nature that are also disturbed due to our activities.

Nature is calm and peaceful, and our soul is meant to be pure and peaceful too. But our souls have lost their purity and peace because of this world's artificiality. This artificial image of our lives has made us evil and wicked. We cannot realize our genuine inner self and are far from our real essence. Our origin and nature are intermingled. Both are based on purity. We need to purify our souls by bringing them out of this world's falsification. This helps us to refine ourselves, become better human beings, and to be ready for the eternal world. Our souls are made to return to our Creator, Allah, and it is the final destination of every living being.

Cyber Bullying

Humaira Nazir
BS Eng 008.

A beautiful woman married her childhood love in her early twenties. They planned a honeymoon to the Maldives and lived on a street in California. Her husband was handsome and radical and they shared an amazing experience there. He was a professional athlete and hiker.

, and they later planned an adventurous trip to the sky-rocketing mountains of Nepal. The journey was amazing. She had one weakness—she was fond of gambling. She was becoming a software engineer.

The first two years of their marriage were peaceful and filled with ecstasy. They frequently visited bars and enjoyed every moment together, often inviting guests to late-night parties where they had a great time. Her friends often commented that she had found an ideal husband. However, suddenly, her husband began to ignore her, and they had frequent arguments. He seemed disinterested, and his mood shifted daily, leading to arguments over trivial matters. The girl wanted children but could not conceive due to fertility issues. Doctors had told them they would not have any kids, which left her feeling disappointed and unsupported by her husband. Their life had become dreary.

She embarked on medical treatments to conceive, but they proved unsuccessful, and their relationship continued to deteriorate. Her longing for children remained strong. Finally, she considered a new alternative. She received a friend request on Facebook from someone she didn't know. She began a relationship with this person, starting with chats and progressing to video calls. Everything seemed to be going well, and she was drawn to him. He introduced himself as an ethical hacker, and they continued to build their connection. They planned dates, shared intimate moments, and she found solace and happiness with him. In her pursuit of love, she engaged in a passionate relationship with him.

After a few months, she was shocked to discover that she was pregnant. She considered abortion the best course of action.

However, her friend was determined to have the baby at any cost and had recorded all the videos, threatening to release them. She became frightened, realizing that if her husband found out, he might choose to either kill or divorce her. The stress took a toll on her mental health, worsening day by day. Her friend demanded a large amount of money in exchange for not exposing the videos, an amount she couldn't afford. She decided to terminate the pregnancy. Her friend leaked the videos, and her husband left her.

No one was willing to accept her, and she began experiencing panic attacks and delusions. She sank into a deep depression, eventually finding refuge in a charity house. Her treatment started, and she made gradual progress in improving her mental health over the span of two years. She started her job at a software house and began earning a good amount. She made new friends. Her friends were addicted to gambling as well. She started visiting casinos and earned a large amount. She earned a huge amount and began living a luxurious life. She planned treks to foreign countries and had fun. They went hiking, attended late-night parties, and often visited casinos. She forgot all her traumas and began her new life.

Initially, she was earning a large amount from casinos and bought her own house and a car. She started playing games like 'juwa' on online gambling platforms. She began with a small investment and later increased it. She was so addicted to it that she left her job and became addicted to easy earnings. Gradually, she started losing money and began borrowing money from her friends. She started taking loans by using her property papers to fuel her addiction.

In the end, she lost all her money and had ended up with outstanding bank loans. She got baffled. One of her friends helped her and gave her money.

She started winning, but the gambling platform did not pay outher the winnings and made weak excuses. The platform was not legitimate. The bank seized her property, and her friends teased her into paying them back. She was receiving murder threats from her friends because she was unable to repay their money. She became delusional and became tense. Suicide was her last option, and she committed suicide by drowning herself in a river.

Fiction: Story of How A a Shy Young Woman Unexpectedly Bumps into Her Soulmate

How does a life-changing event happen when you least expect it to? In this story, a young woman reunites with her childhood friend, whom she never thought she would see again.

Even when we were young, our was hard to explain never be explained. Despite the age difference between us, we decided at such a tender age to love one another, even as we faced social obstacles and negative thoughts about love.

My story is not the only one you will read today. It is meant to inspire you not to let life bring you down. As the saying goes, "paint the picture yourself."" So, I want to do that here and I would like you to enjoy the journey of my meeting with Piyali. We have a four-month age difference. We grew up together in Bangalore. We remained extremely close throughout our childhood. This is a story of how we found each other again, thanks to a childhood memory we shared.

My family loves to eat curry, and my maternal grandfather was a famous chef in Bangalore. He would always talk about his childhood ,when he worked as a hotel cook and, learned his recipes from a famous German chef. Growing up, I watched him and imagined what it must been like to work in a fine dining restaurant and live the life of a chef.

One day, my grandfather asked me to stay for dinner, since his assistant chef had to go to the market. We had a delicious meal. After that, we chatted about life and destiny. Suddenly, he brought the topic back to food and took out a large roll of paper that he always kept in his pocket. He asked me to sit on a stool. He looked at me and said,

"“You will never know what this is.”" He started tearing the paper into pieces and said, "In the past, when I was young, I worked in a hotel. I learned to cook several recipes from our renowned German chef, who was very famous in Europe. His name was Ludwig Albrecht.”

Although I did not know what the paper was, I was intrigued. My grandfather continued, “I loved his stories and had kept some of the recipes he taught me. I would use them to make biryani, and this is where the name "Ludwig" came from.

I still remember the moment I tasted the meal that my grandfather cooked. As I wondered whether the biryani made was the same recipe that the German chef had taught him. And I suddenly, I felt a bit of sadness, thinking of my grandfather and his sweet memories of a someone I never met. My grandfather had to leave the job after a few months, but in that time he learned the recipe and perfected it. And a few years later, when I came to visited him, I tasted the same dish he made for me years ago.

Years later, my grandfather passed away. He was old by then, and I didn't think of him often. I didn't think I would ever meet him again. But one day in the middle of the year 2000, I met this German chef at a cafe. He was very oldnow, but he remembered my grandfather, and we had a brief chat. I was reminded of the old man I used to imagine. I started to wonder about his great love story and the legacy his love had left behind. I reached out to a friend of my grandfather who had now become a celebrated restaurateur.

He told me that the master chef had died years ago, and he was delighted to learn about my search for him. He went back to Germany for a few years. He started offering biryani that would remind people of the biryani my grandfather had made for me. He added a special ingredient to the recipe: the recipe of my grandfather's recipe.

I still remember the moment when my friend gave me the recipe. I couldn't believe that this strange story of a German chef and my grandfather was true.

The chef took me to one of his old colleagues, who had learned the recipe from him. He talked about my grandfather's impeccable work and the many years they had worked together. He showed me the kitchen where my grandfather had worked. I was amazed to find out that all the equipment, pots, and utensils were the same ones my grandfather had used.

I took a tray and rushed to my grandfather's home. He was still alive then but was suffering from some health issues. He was very happy to see me and asked me to sit down and taste the biryani. I took the first bite, and it tasted exactly like the biryani my grandfather used to make. Suddenly I knew the secret of the chef's magic.

The story of Ludwig Albrecht and Amelia Viviana Kohli,wasn't an ordinary love story; it transcended time, space, and boundaries.

STORY
The Sleeper And The Waker

Laiba Zaheer
BS-Eng-5

Once, during the reign of Caliph Harun-al-Rashid, a merchant named Abu-al-Hasan-Khali'a lived. He divideds his inheritance in two parts. He used the first half and lived a happy life with his many friends. At first, when he had enough money, he squandered it and enjoyed it a lot, but he lost many of his friends because of it.,He then used the second half of his money and decideds to live off his savings. After that, he never made friends again.

He invited a single guest each night and then never spoke to that person again. During all this time, one night he invited the Caliph and his slave Masrur in, but explained that they would never meet again,, and he explained his condition through a story.

He told a story and said that he wanted to be caliph for one day to take revenge on the shaykhs and imam of the mosque because they don't like him inviting various people into his home.

Secretly, the Caliph puts Abu to sleep by the use of drugs and has him taken back to the palace. Abu wakes up in the palace, where the Caliph commands everyone to pretend that Abu is the Caliph. The confused Abu slowly comes to believe it. He takes revenge on the Shaykhs and Imam enjoys the luxuries of the palace, and sends money to his mother.

That night, the Caliph gave him drugs a second time and sent him to his own home. When he wakes up, he finds his mother next to him, who says he has been dreaming. He denies it,beats his mother, and is thrown into prison. Eventually, he is set free and returns to his old lifestyle, resuming his habit of inviting people.

One day he meets the Caliph again, whom he thinks is the devil. The Caliph drugs him and sends him to the palace once more, but Abu says the servant bites him to make sure he is awake. Seeing this, he becomes very happy, and he starts dancing. The Caliph laughs,and makes him a favorite of the court, and honors him. Abu then marries Nuzhat, a maid of the Caliph's wife, Zubaydah. They live freely and spend all of their money.

After they marry, they live a happy life, but they both feel short on savings, so Abu plots.

He plans a fake death of his wife and himself to get money from the caliph and his wife. Later, the Caliph and his wife speak and argue over which person actually died because the Caliph comes to know that Nuzhat died and Zubaydah comes to know that Abu died.

To solve this problem, they send servants to their home one by one to investigate. So, Abu and Nuzhat keep up the cunning plan until the royal couple finally arrives to see it. Then Abu and Nuzhat both pre-tend to be dead. The Caliph and his wife cannot decide who died first, so the Caliph says that he will give a thousand dinars to find out.

Immediately, the couple stood up, and both claimed they would die first. The Caliph realized it was a trick to get money.

He became very angry at their annoying behavior, and Abu's irresponsible behavior led to both of them being sent to prison for the rest of their lives. Their final trick led to their punishment, ending their story in prison.

Junaid Hafeez – Prey To Pakistan's Broad Blasphemy Laws

Ali Aslam Ranjha

Nine months ago, fireworks marked new beginnings worldwide. Similarly, Pakistan also celebrated the New Year with traditional passion and zeal. Roads were blocked, restaurants and cafes were fully booked, while and thousands came out to watch the fireworks. As the clock struck twelve, the sky glowed over places like Bahria Town and Sea View.

It was a much-needed end to a momentous year that witnessed some distressing events such as marked by the Sahiwal incident, the brutal atrocities committed against Muslims in Kashmir, and lawyers vandalizing hospitals and beating doctors. While most people slept that night with a hope for better times ahead, some were languishing in jails, counting their days.

Among them was Junaid Hafeez,a bright, optimistic, and resilient 33-year-old former university lecturer accused of posting derogatory remarks about Prophet Muhammad (PBUH) on social media.

He had been charged under sections 295-B and 295-C of the Pakistan Penal Code and still remained in solitary confinement. In 2013, he was incarcerated after an Islamist group at the university where he taught beganchallenging his teaching and eventually launched a malicious campaign against him. He was mocked, disrespected, and labeled as an 'American agent.
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"I take two to three books along whenever I visit Junaid. Up until now, he has read around 5000 books," says Junaid's father.

After completing his undergraduate studies with a GPA of 3.99, Junaid went on to pursue his master's in "American Literature, Photography, and Theater"" on a Fulbright Scholarship. A person of this caliber and academic excellence could have easily settled abroad with many opportunities before him; instead, he chose to return and serve his country, unaware of what the future held.

Today, Junaid rots in jail on death row after the recent death sentence awarded to him by a District and Sessions Court in Multan on 21st December, 2025. The outcome was foreseeable, as such decisions have long been the norm in blasphemy cases. Earlier in 2014, attorney Rashid Rehman, who represented him, was gunned down in his office. Some have also claimed that Junaid's lengthy trial was unfair.

Pakistan's broad blasphemy laws have come under severe criticism, as they are blamed for targeting minorities and, activists. More than 1700 blasphemy cases have been registered in Pakistan between 1987 and 2019. Around 80 people have fallen prey and been killed as a result of false blasphemy accusations.

To add fuel to the fire, these laws carry a stigma, and any discussion brings unwanted controversy. Anyone brave enough to openly share- his views on this issue faces severe repercussions.

The minorities in Pakistan often claim to be at a disadvantage due to rampant social and legal discrimination they face daily. This is evident in the 2013 twin suicide bombing that killed 127 people; mobs acting regularly basis by religious fanatics; and legal instruments passed, like these laws, that completely marginalize minorities. While almost everyone around the world is battling this deadly pandemic —

COVID-19, some reports emerged that rations were being denied to Christians and Hindus in the coastal areas of Karachi and were reserved for Muslims only.

It would be wholly wrong to say that the current situation is better than ever before. Rising sectarianism, religious fundamentalism, and bigoted calls for Sharia imposition are our own problems. Incidents like these show how blasphemy has become the modern expression of fanaticism and how bigotry and fanaticism have been democra- tized in this age of information. It makes one wonder how the state has weaponized blasphemy and tied it to self-identity and religion.

One feels hopeless and in complete despair. However, there is light at the end of the tunnel. Among all the injustices, Asia Bibi's landmark verdict and acquittal after 9 years on death row certainly offer a ray of hope and restore faith in the senior judiciary. The fate of this not-so-young scholar, who has already wasted 7 precious years in jail, lies in their hands.The state cannot afford to lose another brave soul like Mashal Khan. toTo fight this growing intolerance, the govern- ment must step in and amend these outdated laws. These 7 years cannot be returned to Junaid, but justice surely can. May God be with us all!

Remorse

“Hey! Are you all right, Sherry? Why are you crying, dude?” said Altamash to Shehryar.

""“How could I be fine? I am so bad...a disobedient son, a person who couldn't keep his wife happy, and the unluckiest father who couldn’t love his son like other fathers." .”At last, after a year, Shehryar relieved the burden on his heart ibefore his most loyal friend.

“Relax, brother, first drink this glass of water, and then tell me what you are talking about.” Both were in Altamash’s house. They had been best friend in college. After graduation, Shehryar moved to Dubai and left everyone person behind. Now, after many years, Altamash had met him by chance. Shehryar had finally found the right person tell what he had done to his life.

“So, now tell me, why are you crying, Sherry?” After Shehryar drank water, he asked.

“First of all, I want to apologize for my behavior with you in the past. I was wrong, and I hurt you a lot. Please forgive me for each and everything.” His eyes showed deep embarrassment and great pain.Altamash noticed that Shehryar had changed completely.

“I forgot everything. I had forgiven you the day we last met. I knew that one day you'd come to me and apologize,” he replied politely with an emotionless face. Shehryar was quiet for a while, as if searching for the right words to say what he actually wanted. After a short time, he started speaking. “As you know, Sonia and I were in a relationship in college days; you were my only friend then, and you were against Sonia. You tried a lot to break us up;. I thought you were jealous of me, even though you knew Sonia and I were totally different. However, I cut off contact with you in the last days of college.

But sorry to say! After graduation, I married her, despite your warning.

As a best friend, you knew my past well, since my father died in my childhood. It was a very difficult time for my mother. After a hard struggle day and night, she enabled me to stand on my own feet. My mother loved me a lot, as I was the only member of her family. She needed my support, service, love, and sympathy. But I just ignored her feelings. Under Sonia's pressure, I left my mother alone and went to Dubai with my wife. I was so selfish that I left her alone when she needed my support. She was my Jannat, and I left her thinking that she was nothing but a burden. Can you guess how unlucky I am?" Altamash could easily see the pain and regret in his eyes. He felt sorry for him deep inside his heart.

He continued, "I was very happy with my so-called wife after moving to Dubai. I thought then that I was the luckiest person in the world because I had won my love. I would live happily for my whole life because my wife was with me, but I didn't know that God had something special for me." A miserable smile touched his lips. "

"After that, I didn't had no contact with anyone for a long time. I also lost contact with you after college. I never made a single phone call to my mother after I went there. I forgot that I had a mother. A year later, Allah Almighty blessed us with a baby boy. I named him Ayyan. My son was very dear to me. I loved him so much, even more than Sonia. But Sonia...she...she wasn't loyal to me. I found out that same year that she married me for my wealth."

He went on, "We often had fights, but I swear that I truly loved her despite knowing that she was not sincere with me.

. Then one day, the fight suddenly escalated to the point that she left me and she took away the precious piece of my heart, my son, with her. I begged her to leave Ayyan with me, but she didn't care. She, the greedy woman, just wanted money from me through Ayyan. I even went to the court and filed a case, but Ayyan was too young; he couldn't survive without his mother's care.

So the decision was made in Sonia's favor. Until Ayyan becomes an adult, he will stay with his mother, and I will bear all his expenses for 20 years."

"That day, I could feel my mother's pain of my mom when Sonia left me alone, as I had left my mother abandoned. That day, I realized how much my mother suffered when I left her. Surprisingly, I missed my mother so much that day. It was probably the first time in 3 to 4 years I missed her, hoping she'd forgive me. I noticed my heart was beating fast when I saw a lock on the door. I knocked on the next house's door and asked about my mother. But they couldn't give me any information about her.""He paused to look at Altamash's expressions. Perhaps he expected abuse for what he had done, yet there was nothing but silence.

He resumed, "I have been looking for her for the last 3 months at every possible place where she could be, but I still couldn't find her. I am..." He stopped when Altamash's voice reached his ears.

"Stop searching for her; you'll never find her," Altamash said bitterly.

"Altamash, do you know where she is? If you do, please tell me. I want to meet her. I am full of guilt and want her forgiveness." He sat down on his knees.

“I know where she is, but you'll never meet her because she is not in this world now. She died last year, Sherry.” Shehryar started crying loudly.

“One day, I suddenly went to your house to meet you, but when I got there, I found your mother alone. She told me you had moved to Dubai with your wife and never contacted her. She also said that she often tried to contact you, but you didn’t respond. After hearing this, I felt very sad. Her voice was trembling , and her eyes were teary. She was feeling very weak and ill. Seeing her critical condition, I did not dare to leave her alone at her place. Although she didn't tell me you left her because of Sonia, I understood. So I decided to keep her with me. She lived with my family, and she loved me a lot in those years. But last year, she left this world...!” Altamash wipes his tears.

He resumed, “And you know what her last words were? She said that she had forgiven you. She forgot everything about you, but she couldn't forget you. She used to ask me about you every time. I tried a lot to contact you and succeeded, but you didn't answer my call,” Altamash told him.

Shehryar was in great pain and regret. He was at a loss for words and didn't know what to say; he was just cried and regretted his deeds.

10 Tips for Financial Success

Fahad Saeed
BSSE 5th Semester

"Most people don't plan to fail; they fail to plan." John L. Beckley's quote sums up a common struggle. Financial independence may seem difficult to reach. Many people spend their lives struggling to make ends meet. A little planning can help you reach financial success. Use these ten tips to start your journey toward healthier financial management.

Spend less than you earn

That sounds obvious, right? It's easy to understand, but harder to do. According to CNBC, 78% of Americans live paycheck to paycheck. I can't stress this enough, but this is the simplest yet one of the most important financial tips I can give you. To do this, however, you need to make a budget and track your expenses.

Building a Budget

Building a budget is one of the most important steps toward financial success. A budget creates a foundation for managing your income and expenses. Tracking where your money goes can help you set a spending goal. Creating a budget is simple and can be done in three steps as given below:

1. *Figure out how much you're spending.*
2. *Set your financial goals and the steps to achieve them.*
3. *Build and stick to a budget.*

In today's world of technology, you can download app to help you manage your expenses.

The 70/30 Rule

The 70/30 rule in finance helps you save for the long run. How does it work? It's simple: take your monthly income and put 70% expenses. That's the money you can spend freely. Put the remaining 30% into savings or invest it. One good rule of thumb is to invest 10% and save 20%. Consistently saving even that insignificant seemingsmall amount can accumulate to abuild considerable wealth.

Track and Review Your Expenditures

Now that you have a monthly budget and are following the 70/30 rule, you're already on your way to a solid financial future. Still, it's better to sit down, review your expenses periodically, and set specific money goals. Cut expenses that you don't need and spend more on the expenses you don't need and spend more on essentials. You don't need to sacrifice your quality of life to save a few bucks.

Open a savings account.

Choosing a savings plan that offers good interest on your funds can be a great way to earn a little bit of passive income. Over time, it can amount to significant savings. Most banks offer short- and long-term savings plans. It's better to put your hard-earned cash into fixed-term deposits. This lets you lock your funds for a set period in return for a fixed interest rate. However, keep in mind that most charge a penalty fee if you withdraw your funds before the term ends. It is better only to deposit only cash for rainy days.

Pay your credit card debt

Nowadays, most people have a credit card. What they don't know is that credit cards are designed to keep you hooked. Credit cards have high-interest rates. That means you pay significant interest on top of what you've already borrowed. They make you pay a high price for something you could wait on, save for, and buy for much less. If you are in credit card debt, make it a priority to pay it off as soon as possible and try to avoid using credit cards as much as possible.

Start making more money

After all that budgeting and expenses management you may hit a wall. You need to make more money. Try learning new skills or improvingthe ones you already have. Learn in your spare time. A side hustle can help you earn extra money for your personal finances. It's not easy, but it pays off in the long run.

Review Your Insurance

It's always good to be prepared for rainy days. . Make sure you have enough insurance to protect your dependents if you become disabled or pass away. The last thing your loved ones need is to worry about how they'll pay the bills while they're still dealing with a loss. However, making an informed decision about which plan to choose can't be stressed enough.

Investment

If you're budgeting well, saving and still have leftover funds, it's always better to invest them. Invest in assets, not liabilities. Invest in stocks, bonds, and maybe even your own business. But that doesn't mean you invest unthinkingly. Always do proper research before any investment.

Know Your Net Worth

It sounds tricky, but it's actually quite simple. Your net worth is how much money you're worth. If you sold everything you own and paid off everything you owe, the money left would be your net worth. How do you calculate it? Create a list of everything you own (your assets) and sum up their value. Your assets include your money, real estate, cars, jewelry, etc. Now make another list of everything you owe (your liabilities) and sum up their value. Your liabilities can include your student loan, credit card debt, your mortgage, etc. Now subtract your liabilities from your assets. That's your net worth. A positive net worth is good, while a negative one means you need to review your budget and make necessary changes.

The bottom line is that you don't need a degree to become an expert at managing your finances. Use these ten rules, take action today, and start improving your finances. Take a step towards a better financial future and stay committed to the habits that support it.

Stop it! Stop it!

Iqra Bibi (053)
BS ENGLISH 4(B)

Don't take me away. I was screaming, but no sound came it. I wanted to fight, but my body is was like a stone in water,but wet with sweat. After struggling, I opened my eyes and entered reality, where demons seemed more harrowing to combat. For an instant, I felt relief; I was no longer part of the nightmare.

My father was posted to Quetta, so we moved from the village of Abbottabad to that city. As a little girl, I did not understand the idea of moving from such a soothing place to an area that seemed loud and chaotic to my small mind. I always questioned why I was away from my grandparents, but my father hoped to preserve that green place in me for a lifetime, with his only asset:, me.

The very next day, I got admission to a school. The only thing that I liked about that city was my teacher, who had an angelic touch with children. She wasraised a literate youth with her benevolent behavior.

"Wow! You draw such an amazing picture," the teacher said. Happiness met spread acrossmy face, and after a long break, something warmed up my soul.

In the evening, Baba was at home. "What have you learned today, dear?" he asked in a strong voice. My pulse quickened, and in terror, I told him I had learned more pages than I had. "Well, today we will start a new chapter," he said. He was a handsome man with sharp features, a sharp nose, and a straight face. The Sun was setting, making the sky sad, but it made me happy because the Moon was there to cherish me. The moon's humility let me stare at it, and I did not hesitate to let its ribbons illuminate my face. I was busy watching the moon when a harsh voice brought me back to reality. "Why are you not focusing on the book?"

My mind went blank, and I had no answer; it was my fault, as I was enjoying the dusky evening. I lowered my gaze to the book and started reading through tears. After a while, Baba spoke to me politely. "Dear! I want you to be the best. You are my successor and my asset.

Generations are like assets; if we take good care of them, they could be more productive." His soft hands wiped the tears from my cheeks. My mind didn't grasp the first sentence, but I promised myself I'd learn late into the night and to make him proud.

Hours, days, months, and years passed. One interminable day, Baba, came home at 4 'o'clock as usual, and told me about his transfer letter. I felt ambivalent about leaving my friends, but butterflies filled my stomach at the thought that, at last, I would be close to my grand-parents. On the farewell day, my friends exchanged gifts, and we boarded the train on the very next evening. The trees and surround-ings were failing tocouldn't compete with us. The three-day train jour-ney seemed tedious, but I enjoyed every part of it.

On the third day, the sun beat down with scorching rays when the train horn rang out, and eventually everything stopped. "Wait for me until I come back with the luggage."

"Okay," I answered obediently. People moved here and there; a wrin-kled-faced lady was sat next to me on the bench.

"Hey, it's been one hour, and you are still standing here," the lady asked, concerned.

"Waiting for someone,." I replied with a huge grin.

Hours passed, but there was no sign of him coming back. I waited and waited until the cool breeze of dusk touched every minute part of the railway station. My face had turned pale, my pulse was racing, and negative thoughts had captured my mind.

I feared the questions in my head, but my heart tried to calm me. Why did he take me away from my grandparents? Why was he harsh with me, after all the tears that had fallen from my eyes and splashed on the railway floor?

"He never loved me; that's why he left me." At last I fought for my voice.

"It's been six hours, dear; no one has arrived to pick you up."

I took a deep breath and, with a stone heart, wiped away all my emotions.

"Do you need a maid?" I asked with a stoic expression.
"Wha... what?"

"You do not make paintings with the stroke of colors but give life to a deadly page." In the final year of graduation, there was a painting exhibition, and one of the buyers praised on my painting.

"Well, painting is a dialogue between mortal and immortal. I just put on the page what the unconscious tells me to."

What I learned at the National School of Arts was that art is a gift, but direction comes only from those with experience, and the life's lessons are never free. Life is not a bed of roses; we learn that at a certain point in our lives, but having an aim that costs your sweat is priceless. It can take you to the point where dreams become concrete.

I always questioned myself about why my father left me. Maybe because I was not good at my studies, or because of social pressures or taboos, a daughter like me was a burden on him. I always shook my head to escape those questions, but the ghosts of the past always come back to haunt you. But I had promised myself I would make a school in my hometown to make him realize I was worthy of loved.

I was staring at the moon as usual when I heard, "Where are we supposed to go?" I was wearing a white gown; hills rose around me, and a mysterious voice was led me there. I was walked up steep hill, not knowing where the paths led, yetthe feeling was rare and peaceful. I woke up when ribbons of hot sun laced my eyelids. It was the same dream.

After my second year, I left Mrs. Hashim's home and started a job to afford my expenses.

As usual, I reached college and took my first lecture. "There are two sides to a story. If we shine alight on one side, the other remains dark and blank. No one knows the truth if only one side is revealed, so to have reach a good conclusion, you should always judge after listening to both sides." These lines stayed in my mind, and my father's words echoed:. You are my successor, my asset, and generations are like assets." I could not focus on anything, and sounds kept echoing in my mind, as if half the story was not revealed. For about two weeks, I could not function properly, and to take into account my father's side of the story, I went to Abbottabad.

My hands are trembling; the other half of the story could be anything. It could break my heart or give me hope for a lifetime; still, hope is always there to support you. I compose myself and dare to knock.

I have never seen his eyes so soaked; the weight of hard times lay on his attractive face.

“Darling! Where have you been? I haven’t had a moment I didno’t think of you.”“Tears filled his eyes. “"I searched every part of this land, but you were hidden from my eyes. On that day, I was taken by the cops for some investigation, and when I came back, you were gone.”

Journey To Utah

Abu Bakar
BSCS 1st Semester

Once, a man loved climbing mountains and traveling to new places. This time, he decided to go to Utah’s Canyonlands National Park. He was excited, but he didn’t tell anyone about his trip because , he liked to travel alone. On his first day there, while exploring, he, suddenly saw two travelers who were lost there and asked if they needed help. They said, “It would be a great favor” if you could tell us where the river is between the two mountains.” He said, “I’m also going there, so you guys can come with me.”

When they reached the place, he kept thinking deeply. While climbing, he slipped and fell, hitting a boulder that crushed his right hand and wrist against the wall. He called for help but realized he was alone.

He began recording a video diary to keep his morale up as he chipped away at the boulder to free himself, and tried to stay warm at night.

He rationed his food and water to survive the ordeals. He set up a pulley and used his climbing rope in a futile attempt to lift the boulder.

Over the next few days, he tried using his pocket knife to cut himself free, but the blade was too dull to cut bone. With no water available, he was forced to drink his urine. In his video, he became desperate and depressed. He hallucinated, realized his mistake was not telling anyone where he was going, and decided destiny had trapped him with the boulder.

Using his knowledge of torque, he fashioned a tourniquet from a CamelBak tube and instructions and used a carabiner to tighten it. Using the pocket knife, he slowly amputated his arm. He wrapped the stump to prevent exsanguination and took a picture of the boulder. He then rappelled down a 65-foot rock face using his other arm and drank rainwater from a pond. He met a family on a hike, who alerted the authorities and a Utah Highway Patrol helicopter and brought him to the hospital.

Years later, Raltson started a family and continued climbing and he left a note saying where he had gone alone.

If you want a thing done well, do it yourself.

Hooria Tariq
BSCS 1

We are in a new city. Now, we will earn money and become rich," said one brother among the four who migrated from village to city in search of jobs. "First, let us count ourselves and see, whether we all are here," said another. One of them started counting. One, two, and three. Oh my God! We are fewer than four. One of us is missing."

The second brother said, "You don't know how to count. Now I will count. One, two, three. Hmmm...I..." He counted again and again but could not go beyond three.

The third brother said, "You are both mad. Now I will tell you the difference between an educated and an uneducated person. One, two, three. Hmmm...one, two, and three. Oh!...What is this?"

Finally, the fourth one decided to count them,.but he didn't succeed ieither."A cartman was passing by. "Dear brother, can you do us a favor?"one of them said. "Yes, tell me what to do," said the cartman.

"We were four when we came from home, but now we are just three. Please count us," ! he said.,"Ok.""But you all have to make a row on the bank of the canal,."said the cartman. He counted all four brothers, and now they were happy but couldn't understand. They asked him how he did it. He said, "Oh!" Foolish boys. . All of you counted others except yourselves. "That is why one was left," said the cartman. "Sir, you are so well dressed. You seem to be a rich man. Please give us a job," said the brothers.

He agreed and said, “I need to give wheat to an old woman in the village. I can give you the job to deliver it.” He gave them the address and sent them off.” Unfortunately, when they arrived, the old lady was quarreling with the neighbor and was furious. They asked her where to put the wheat. “Put it on my head,” she said angrily. But the foolish boys took it seriously and put all the wheat on her head. The old lady died as her spine broke.

When the cartman came, he was surprised to see that. He got angry. “I cannot bear you all. Get out of my eyes,”he said. “No, sir. Please do not do this. Please tell us our fault. We just obeyed the lady. She asked us to place the wheat on her head. “Please give us a chance,” they requested. “OK. I will give you the last chance. Now your job is to bury this lady secretly,” said the man.

When they carried the dead body of the older woman, a heavy storm started. They all ran away and left the body alone. When the storm stopped, they saw that there was no dead body. “We must find the dead body to save our job,” said one of them. They started searching. An old woman nearby was buying dunk cakes.

When they saw her, they said, “You are very clever. You ran away in the storm and made us foolish. Now we will bury you.” They caught her and buried her alive. When they were coming back, they saw a dead body hanging in the tree. “Oh! Look at that dead body. How clever the old woman is. Now she is swinging on the tree,” said one of them. At last, they buried that body as well. When they came back, they told the cartman the story. He held his head and said, “I request that you leave me alone. You are responsible for my misfortune. Now get lost, please.”

Imaginary Paintings

Malaika Fatima
BS-English, Semester 7th

How would I paint the future?

A strip of horizon and a figure, seen from the black,
always draw nearer.

How would I paint the leap of faith?

A black cat jumping on three feet to reach a three-inch shelf

How would I paint time?

A rising river, that wipes away houses and families along a coastline where houses should have never been built.

How would I paint hate?

A hasty sketch on a scrap page, torn from the notebook and stuck to the wall, filling the space of avast canvas never painted.

How would I paint hunger?

A small child, or perhaps a sick relative,: someone you insist on helping, someone who needs you almost as much as you need them.

How would I paint silence?

Fifty percent grey, halfway between black's oppression and tthe white's loneliness.

How would I paint the big lie?

Smooth and deceptively small,

An elongated capsule,

An elegant cylinder,

Sweet and glossy,

That pleases the tongue,

and goes down easy.

Never mind,

The poison inside.

How would I paint nostalgia?

An old-fashioned painting, a genre piece.

People in bright and dark clothing.

A radiant bright in white,

standing above a waterfall, watching the water rush, away, away, and away.

How would I paint death?

White on white or black on black,

No ground, no figure.

An immense canvas, which I will never finish.

How would I paint fear?

Fear is already imaginary.

World: An Illusion

Enjoyment? Alas! The word seems very bizzarre to me. I heard it everywhere but did not know its true meaning. For instance, I'm just revisiting the dark memories of my teenage years. My classmates became happier when they heard the news of summer vacation, but my ears had never heard of this combination of letters: HOLIDAYS. Sorry, gentlemen! I shall explain what I meant by the phrases which I revealed earlier. I am going to unfold the hidden fact behind the devilish, hearty teenagers. I am sorry, gentlemen, but I cannot hold it anymore. My bars are weak, and the prisoner behind them, which is my HEART, has been unleashed.

Some of you might have visited many cities in your country during your summer vacation. When school reopened, you might have talked with your friends about all the adventures of your vacation, but have you ever noticed one boy sitting in the corner pretending to do something?

I'm afraid it's not like that. There could be multiple reasons behind his silence. His parents might have passed away, or his parents might have fought a lot, or his parents do not live together anymore, or the most tragic form of torture he might have faced during that vacation is the ill-treatment from his parents. Let me explain to you in detail.

There used to be a two- to three-month summer vacation. However, I have never visited any amusement park, national park, or even small public parks in the colonies with my parents. My parents were stereotypical. As a kid, whenever I asked why we weren't going out for some ENJOYMENT, they always blamed society for not being safe. Believe me, that was never the case. However, during my twenty-three years on this planet, there was always some negative thing about the country, which was a bitter fact. With those hardships in mind, to fight the enemy, you had to prepare your soldiers for every possible consequence. The same was the true for me; I needed to be trained for those times because my parents were never going to stay with me always. Yet, every argument went in vain.

I was never given space to present an opinion to my parents. I mean a constructive argument. This type of argument was positive for me but held a different angle for my parents, which was obviously negative. I was never allowed to leave the house without my parents'consent. I was told to an swera call from home within seconds, even if I was taking a lecture at the university. I wondered if this behaviour might be due to some past events involving my elder brother.

You might be wondering why I'm narrating all of this after reading about these unusual events. The answer would be that what happened to me in my childhood and teenage years, and is still happening should not happen to any other person.

This may become a cause of their mental illness and utmost depression. Another question may come to your mind: if I've been a depressed child since long ago, then how have I still managed to survive? Believe me, gentlemen, it was not as easy as expressing my thoughts right now with these words.

Paulo Coelho once said, "Every new sun is a sign of a new beginning." So, I started experimenting with this. I went through many experiments, both good and harsh; giving space to a new one did not seem to take much energy. Every new morning, I tried to forget what had happened the day before. At first, I made no progress, but eventually, I began to live a happy life. Looking at a new sun every day, I smiled and proclaimed from the core of my heart, "Let it go."

After some time, people around me noticed that I had changed my nature. "Change" was a big word for me, but I recalled a rule from the Forty Rules of Shams of Tabriz: "Welcome the change in your life and do not hesitate or resist. Because you do not know that either the change is good or bad until you experience it yourself."

Change does not mean that all the hardships are over; rather,it means I found a way to overcome them with great ease. The concept of "enjoyment" does not lie in the outer world or in the crowd; it isn't necessary. You can find peace among thousands of people and the fun in solitude. When we clearly distinguish between loneliness and solitude, we begin to understand the true nature of fate. Our beliefs are the main barrier preventing us from understanding nature itself and keeping us from stepping out of our comfort zones, which is incredibly dangerous. We have to decide whether we should live in chains or live a chain-free life and roam freely in imagination and nature.

Nature heals the souls. Remember! Destiny and fate dependon the choices you make in your life. If God has written your destinies already, then why is there misery and pain inside every man? Why were we created if we are already programmed to do what is written already?

My Inclination Towards Metal Music

Alishba Inayat
BS English

How I developed throughout these years, thanks to the powerful influence of metal music on my life

I was an ordinary 13-years-old child, short and stout. Life had no catastrophes, no house chores, and no mom giving lectures all the time on how to make a round chapati. I was an average student, so doing my best in class was n't a matter of life and death. I had always been that tomboy sort of girl, who grew up playing Sega and Nintendo games-:Street Fighters, Sengoku and watching all my favorite shows like Dragon Ball Z, Pokémon, Transformers, and many more. This was all the influence of my elder brother's influence on me. When we were two, it was his humble responsibility to make me like whatever he liked, and I happily accepted whatever boyish essences he could enrich into my veins.

That' why I was different from the other children of my age. The worst time of my life came when I was 13 years old.

I had my final exams of grade 6 or maybe 7. Well...not like I had been working hard to prepare for them from the very first day. I had never bothered with studies at all, but typhoid also an escape from the tyranny of the exams. During this whole period, I understood life is not the name of escapism;one has face the problems what ever they are. And during that realization period, when my eyes were closed and I was fired up with a temperature of 102, somewhere in my ears, I heard, “Dear Agony, Just let go of me... Suffer slowly... Is this the way it's got to be?”"

I turned around to and saw my brother, sitting on the bed near our classical PC system, head-banging to this song, which was literally bursting out of the speakers. And this was it. The song gave me goose-bumps, and I was heated up even more than I already was. This was the power of Benjamin Burnley from Breaking Bejamin. The whole thing slowed down for me, like those slow-motion scenes in those fantasy movies. It was like a wave of light, a cold breeze. I used to have a crush on movie actors, but now my crushes shifted towards the main vocalists of my favorite metal bands.

Benjamin Burnley seemed cool to me, even though he was married. Still, who cared? I always idealized my best friend as cool and handsome as Andy Black from Black Veil Brides, though that never happened. As a result, this became a whole new journey in my personal development.

My taste in music kept improving,and I started to look at taking things in a seriously. I kept getting better at studies. I wasn't that same old bubbly chatterbox. I had become a more serious ‘girl’ now.

My friends and my parents used to think, just like people usually think, that if they listen to such violent music, they might be possessed by demons. When I used to head-bang on Slipknot's Duality, I pushed my fingers into my eyes...lit's the only thing that slowly stops the ache. They knew it. I was not normal anymore.

This whole process, made meseem like a possessed child, but it improved my spoken and written English and gave me a stronger vocabulary than, girls of my age. It also improved my creativity. I had the problem of insomnia, which was resolved thanks to the metal music. The hardcore sounds of drums, bass, or electric guitar, played masterfully by the musicians in the bands, and, the strong lyrics of the songs, made even stronger with the deep voices of the main vocalists, made me a stronger person as well. Over the years, I, developed a stronger voice, which helped me further. I took part in speech competitions when I was in school and college, and I got selected in the LGU music department as a vocalist proves this. Maybe metal music has got something to do with the so-called destructive power of demons, but it changed me a lot for the better during these years.

I might have become a little violent, but I, as an emotional human being, suppress this emotion. I have started to accept people as they are, and my bond with my brother has gotten better and better thanks to metal music. So, think again before you judge the metalheads!

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